

The Fire Thief

I watch Alison
 play with the beachball
see her tossing it in the air
her little mind
 computing the landingpoint

 where will it land, then
 how will it roll, and
 why?

stretching her brain
 out to its limits
claiming for her own personal science
new territory
 from the blackness.

The Flowermaster

Every morning I look
and my dahlias are come bigger.
Every second day I water em
every third I hoe.

Soon I'll have to get out the stakes
for tying support, then
a little nitrogen, some chlorodene
just before blossom time.

Then they'll blossom and I'll find out
how I'll make out at the fairs
am I first prize material this year
or second or third

and the thought sticks in my mind
leaving a weird series of afterthoughts
the thought of vandals hopping the fence
kicking all my dahlias down.